

BROWNIES IN THE PHILIPPINES

BY PALMER COX.



① The Brownies thought 'twould pleasure yield To labor in a paddy field.



② But Cebu mud can stick like sin When once the foot has entered in.



③ And soon some Brownies not prepared For rice producing badly fared.



④ The more they struggled to be free The less of them their friends could see.



⑤ Till comrades who escaped their lot Could dig a ditch to drain the spot.



⑥ Then those who seemed about to die Were laid upon a bank to dry.

◇ HOW A POOR BOY FOUND AN ENCHANTED DRUM: A FAIRY TALE. ◇

While He Rested in a King's Rubbish Loft, a Leopard Entered, Bearing the Magical Toy.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.
Once upon a time there was a little boy whose father, being a soldier, was away in a foreign country fighting for his King. The only person left to care for the lad was his mother, and she died, leaving the boy friendless and homeless.

She had told him just before her death that his father would soon return and he was ever watching for him.

One day he stood at the door of the King's Palace watching the knights and soldiers passing in. It looked so warm and inviting that he stole inside intending to remain just long enough to warm himself up a little, for it was winter and very cold.

Once inside he became frightened at the grandeur and would have run out but the doors were closed and guarded by soldiers in armor.

When he found himself cut off from the outside world, he became even more frightened and ran up a narrow stairway close by, which led to a tall tower.

He went on and on and was soon groping his way in darkness. The place was lonely and dreary and he knew by the bats and owls flying about that no one ever came there.

The exertion of climbing the stairs had made him very tired and he sat down in a corner to rest and fell sound asleep.

After lying there for some time he was awakened by the sound of a drum. He peered into the darkness, but could see nothing, and, thinking it was the ghost of some dead drummer boy, he called out for help, but no reply came, save the sound of the drum, which kept getting nearer.

Then there came a weird light circling about the room and forming itself into a square, it dropped through the floor, leaving a large opening.

Out of this opening came another strange light, and, with it, appeared the figure of a hunchback dwarf, who, pausing at the edge of the opening, drew forth a small whistle, which he blew softly.

Then there ascended through the opening a beautiful spotted leopard and suspended from its neck was a curious-looking drum.

Taking a position opposite the dwarf, he handed him a pair of golden drum sticks and bade him play. Each time the dwarf struck the



FIND THE KING, THE SORCERER, THE BOY'S FATHER, MOTHER AND THE PRISON KEEPER.

To the Lad's Surprise the Drum Gave Forth Great Quantities of Gold and Precious Jewels.

drum with the golden sticks a shower of gold and precious stones fell on the floor and the jingle of the gold and jewels striking the floor was the only sound heard, for the drum itself was now silent.

Then the boy being able to restrain himself no longer reached out for some of the gold, and as he did so his hand touched the leopard and in an instant the animal seized the golden drum sticks and beat the drum, when all the gold and precious stones which had fallen to the floor rolled into a heap. Out came a great spider, wove a web over it and in a little while it could not be distinguished from the piles of rubbish lying around.

Then the dwarf mounted the leopard's back and together they disappeared as they had come and the hole in the floor closed up.

As the soldier's boy sat there in the darkness wondering what he should do with so much wealth he was startled by the sound of loud voices and footsteps approaching.

Then he was seized by soldiers, who, having seen the strange light in the tower, thought it was some incendiary trying to burn down the palace.

He was taken before the King charged with arson and sent off to a dungeon. In his prison cell that night he heard again the sound of the drum and on looking up saw it suspended in the air.

Then there came a voice, saying: "Son, be of good cheer, thy father was a brave soldier and when war ravaged my native land he spared the life of my father, who was a sorcerer of great power."

"In the gratitude of his heart he wished to repay thy father's kindness, but, alas! he has been killed in battle. Now am I the hunchback dwarf sent to give thee, his son, this enchanted drum. Take this silver whistle and whenever you are in need blow it softly and a spotted leopard will appear with the enchanted drum and you may beat out untold wealth."

"Thus does my father, the sorcerer, repay thy father's kindness."

Then was the voice silent and the lad found himself in darkness with the silver whistle suspended from his neck.

Remembering the great pile of wealth which the spider had covered up in the tower he called his keeper and asked to see the King. When he was taken before the King he told him of the great heap of wealth in the tower, and, together, they went and found it and the King was so joyful that he set the lad free and gave him a palace to dwell in.

There he summoned the enchanted drum and beat out such vast wealth that he became even richer than the King and though he lived to be very old no one ever knew the mystery of the enchanted drum and the secret died with him.

WILLIAM M. GOODRICH.